

TWO
DISCOVERIES

By C. SEWELL

"I'm always wondering," remarked Elva, reflectively, as she handed me my second cup of tea, "when you're really going to fall in love, and—"

"Don't be too hasty," I interrupted, as I assisted myself to sugar; "perhaps I'm even now consumed with the disquieting fever."

"You're so fat," said Elva, disparagingly.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "Simply well covered. Why, my tailor altered my measurements only yesterday!"

"Oh, of course, if you won't be serious," she sighed, resignedly, and prepared to nibble a judiciously browned muffin; "but really, Monty, you're—let me see—40—you're independent, and—"

"—she regarded me critically with her head on one side—"passably good looking; and yet you let pretty, nice, eligible girls slip through your fingers by dozens, because you're either too lazy or too conceited to take sufficient interest in them."

"Don't lecture me," I pleaded—Elva is prone to lectures; "you're so dreadfully impulsive, you know. As a matter of fact I looked in this very afternoon on purpose to tell you how—how abominably in love I am!"

Something in my tone must have struck her as unusual. The muffin, like Mahomet's coffin, remained suspended as she surveyed me intently, presuming to see if she could detect any latent humor in my countenance.

"I did not move a muscle."

"If I were quite certain that you were earnest," she began, hesitatingly, and thought—though, of course, I had no business to think—that her voice was a little unsteady, "I should say how very glad I am."

"Please try and believe me," I pleaded. She studied my face as if undecided what to do.

"Is it recent?" she asked at last.

"It happened—yesterday," I confessed. "You remember, I always promised that you should be the first to know whenever I really had anything to tell, and I was just going to begin when you fell upon me."

"Yesterday?" murmured Elva, in evident surprise. "Then it must have been at Lady Follet's garden party."

"I nodded."

"Was it love at first sight, or had you seen her before?"

"I had seen her," I said, guardedly, "once or twice."

"Oh!" said Elva, and I think she blushed. "Then, of course, it's Mollie Richards. I saw you talking to her on the terrace in the rose garden. She's a nice girl, I believe, and I'm really awfully glad, Monty—awfully. Somehow her name didn't carry the conviction it was supposed to because Miss Richards was never a very particular friend of hers."

"I suppose," she went on, "you'll propose at once. You're no need to wait the most poor creatures."

"I intend," I said, firmly, "to offer myself with as little delay as possible."

"And you really don't mind my taking the privilege of an old friend—a very old friend—to ask you all these questions, do you?"

"Not the least in the world," I said, seriously; I expected them."

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired, with suspicion.

"Nothing, except that you're catenased me about my matrimonial prospects ever since you could toddle. Do remember, for instance, asking me a schoolroom tea in your early youth when it was my intention to marry a duke or not?"

"Elva's face brightened promptly. "After!" she said; "and fraulein told me all sorts of colors, and told her the next day that she would longer stay 'with a child so embarrassing.' I really think she had a tenpence for you, Monty."

"Probably," I agreed. "Many people don't be conceited," reprimanded Elva; "but tell me all about Mollie Richards, and exactly what attracted you to her. I'm sure she's a very nice girl, and I'm really awfully glad, Monty—awfully. Somehow her name didn't carry the conviction it was supposed to because Miss Richards was never a very particular friend of hers."

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Elva blushed furiously.

"When people make themselves conspicuous," she said, frostily, "their doings are bound to form the subject of comment. Mollie Richards always persists in wearing maize with her particular shade of red-auburn hair, and—I could see her from all over the garden."

"Almost without looking?" I suggested, carelessly.

Elva passed over this remark with contempt, but I couldn't help noticing that the flush deepened.

"Well, as it's not Mollie," she observed with dignity, "and as you've called on purpose, perhaps you'll be obliging enough to tell me who it is, so that I may congratulate or condone with you, as the case may be."

"You'll condone," said I, with conviction.

"Why, please?"

"Because she—this girl, who isn't Mollie Richards, you know, doesn't care a straw for me—in that way, and the whole thing is hopeless."

Elva softened instantly.

"How can you tell if you've never asked her?" she demanded. "She may be simply pining away for your sake, if you only knew"—her gaze wandered through the window and settled on a bed of brilliant begonias in the front garden—"girls don't always wear their hearts on their sleeves, even in these matter-of-fact days, Monty."

I raised my eyes. They had been busily engaged in tracing the pattern of the carpet.

"Do you think it's likely," I asked, "that any girl would really fall in love with a man twice her age, if—"

"Oh, she's young," interrupted Elva, hastily. "Do you know, I'm rather glad of that."

I held up a deprecating hand.

"Please let me finish," I implored. "Twice her age, when she's tyrannized over him, teased him and looked upon him as an old fogey for the greater part of her natural life?"

Elva eyed me sharply. The color came and went in her cheeks in a way that I had never seen before. I put my eyeglass in order to better admire the effect.

"You said you'd seen her only once or twice," she resumed, severely; but the quiver in her voice robbed the severity of any sting.

I waved my hand.

"Lovers' license!" I said, airily. "I couldn't divulge everything at once."

"If you've known her so long, how comes it that you only—well—discovered the state of your feelings yesterday?"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," I quoted. "Likewise, there is a psychological moment when a man suddenly realizes a fact that may have been staring him in the face for years."

"And that psychological moment occurred at Lady Follet's?"

"Occurred at Lady Follet's," I echoed. And then there was a long silence.

I let my eyes wander slowly round the room. They lingered vaguely on the ridiculous blue cats with which Elva adorns her mantelpiece, and skimmed the photographs of her numerous admirers—some of them thrust carelessly into the overmantel, and some, the more fortunate, smiling at me from elaborate frames.

I think Elva's eyes must have been wandering, too, for they came to anchor at the same moment as mine, and then, without any rhyme or reason, they filled quite suddenly with tears.

Now I can never see a woman cry without feeling that something—something drastic must be done at once.

I started up, and then the rest seemed to follow as a natural and easy consequence.

In less time than it takes to chronicle, Elva was crying quietly on my shoulder, and the blue cats were grinning diabolically from their several coigns of vantage.

"And when," I asked, after we had become more or less normal, and returned to earth once again, "when was your psychological moment, Elva?"

Elva fingered a gardenia in my buttonhole—took it out—smelt it, and replaced it carefully.

"When you pretended—I mean, when I thought you were pretending, and that it was Mollie Richards, you know," she said, incoherently.

And the blue cats grinned more than ever, as much as to say: "We know something about human nature, though we are only china."—Free Lance.

BAMBOO BLOOM DISASTER.

Chinese Believe That the Budding Season Brings Dreadful Misfortunes.

In some parts of China the natives are in dread of the bloom of the bamboo, at which season all kinds of dreadful disasters are predicted and confidently looked for. Like some other superstitions this one has a slight foundation. The fact is that the bamboo only flowers once and then dies, and as a rule the whole lot of plants, often covering large areas, bloom together.

The reason of this is that the individuals of a species are commonly gregarious, and all are of the same age, having taken simultaneous possession of ground rendered vacant perhaps by a similar depopulation.

A somewhat analogous case is presented by some of the Strobilanths of tropical Asia. These plants live about seven years, then all burst out into a glorious mass of blue flowers and then die away, leaving it may be, hundreds of acres of ground destitute of the luxuriant vegetation it previously supported.

Human Trait of Rodents.

It is said that rats may be driven from the premises by the playing of bagpipes. Rats, says the Chicago Journal, have a great many human traits, after all.

ENGLISH HOTEL BRUSHES.

Manufacturer Provides Them by the Year and Renovates Them Every Week.

A statement of the business practice of a Birmingham manufacturer of a line of high-grade brushes, hair and nail, in dealing with English hotels, may serve as a useful suggestion to American manufacturers and dealers in that line. This manufacturer contracts with English hotels for nominal sums, probably just about or nearly paying his actual expenses, to furnish the hotels with hair, nail and clothes brushes. The hotel pay a fixed sum by the year, and also pay for lost brushes, which often means stolen ones. The brush manufacturer furnishes a double set of brushes for each washstand and at the end of each week takes away the brushes which have been in use and gives them a thorough sanitary cleaning. The brushes, which have been softened by the lavatory attendants daily washing them, are replaced, and the brushes are generally repaired, refinished or revarnished, a second set being left in the place of those undergoing repair. The manufacturer places on them with a very neat wire-tack lettering his name and address and the name of the hotel.

The result is that the hotel is always able to provide its patrons with hair and nail brushes which are a credit to the establishment, and the manufacturer's brushes are so admirable that he obtains a splendid advertisement. It has been a surprise to me, however, that a manufacturer who was clever enough to introduce this advertising system should not have made an arrangement with the hotels or retail dealers by which a glass case containing brushes, etc., would be placed in the lavatories and the attendant allowed to sell them.

Occasionally this manufacturer sells his "advertising rights" on the brushes, and in one case the proprietor of a well-known hair restorer had a neat advertisement on them.

MARSHAL HALSTEAD.

DOMESTIC HELP IN ITALY.

Hard to Get Because Women Prefer to Push Carts or Carry Burdens.

The question of domestic help has been one of vital interest in the United States for more than a quarter of a century, and the people there are under the impression that in Europe the supply of such help is greater than the demand, and that it may be had at very low wages, but such is not the situation in Turin. I have known parties to look for domestic help for weeks in vain. The wages paid for "hired girls" vary from three dollars to six dollars and even ten dollars a month. The price is governed by the employee's skill and merits and the wealth of the employer. Here, as in the United States, intelligent and ambitious young women seek employment as teachers, as clerks in post offices and stores, as secretaries, stenographers, typewriters, in factories—in fact, they seem to prefer any kind of employment to domestic work. It seems that they even prefer to drive teams, to pull or push carts on the streets, or to become porters, to being domestic servants.

Some time since I had occasion to go to Forno, a small village at the head of a valley in the Alpine regions. There being no wagon road to within five miles of the village, all necessities except a few vegetables have to be carried, mostly from Omegna, a distance of ten miles. In my walk to Forno and back I frequently met women with large baskets on their backs, strapped to each shoulder, and I saw that the baskets were filled with provisions, merchandise, and even little kegs filled with wine. I also noticed that the "royal mail" was thus carried. This carrying is given to the lowest bidders, and as women are willing to work cheaper than men, they have a monopoly of the carrying business and men have been driven to find employment in other lines.

PIETRO CUNEO.

Commercial Licenses in Hungary.

The Hungarian ministry of commerce has decided that as Hungarian citizens require no commercial travelers' licenses to collect commercial orders in Hungary, but only in countries like Austria and Germany, where the local laws and special conventions made in 1890-1903 require them, American citizens require no commercial travelers' licenses in Hungary. American commercial travelers in Hungary (including Croatia-Slavonia) require, therefore, only passports, vises, if desired, by the American consular officer in Buda-Pesth or Fiume.

FRANK DYER CHESTER.

Machines for Japanese Homes.

Because of the enlistment of large numbers of Japanese workmen in the armies operating in Manchuria, many women are forced to sustain themselves by means of industrial work in their homes. This has created a large demand for the lighter kinds of machines which produce salable commodities and can be manipulated by women. Sewing machines, knitting machines, and hand looms are reported to be in great demand.

J. F. MONAGHAN.

Oysters Do Not Transmit Disease.

The Frankfurter Zeitung, of August 1, 1904, contains correspondence from Paris stating that last year a veritable campaign was waged against oysters, which were said to especially transmit typhus and various other bacilli. The Journal Officiel now publishes the report of Prof. Alfred Glard, in the name of the sea fishery commission appointed by the secretary of the navy, which clears the oyster of all charges, and expressly declares that they are eatable at all seasons, as they cannot transmit any disease to human beings.

RICHARD GUNTHER.

GOING TO STAY YOUNG.

Even Government Inspectors Couldn't Make Her Older Than She Looked.

A Brooklyn woman lately returned from Europe was describing to her husband who had remained at home her experiences with the customs inspectors who had taken her declaration in the cabin of the liner coming up the bay, relates the Brooklyn Eagle.

"When he asked me my age," she said, "I told him 30."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "you're over 30."

"I know it," she returned, "but do I look more?"

"No, you don't; that's a fact."

"Well," she concluded, triumphantly, "convinced that mere man was squelched once more by the force of feminine logic, 'until I look more than 30 I'm going to be 30, and I don't care for the old United States government and all its customs inspectors and declarations. They can't make me older than I look or want to be.'"

Six Doctors Failed.

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 24 (Special).—After suffering from Kidney Disease for three years, after taking treatment from six different doctors without getting relief, Mr. J. O. Laudeman, of this place, found not only relief but a speedy and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his cure, Mr. Laudeman says: "Yes, I suffered from Kidney Trouble for three years and tried six doctors to no good. Then I took just two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they not only cured my kidneys, but gave me better health in general. Of course I recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to others and I know a number now who are using them with good results."

Mr. Laudeman's case is not an exception. Thousands give similar experiences. For there never yet was a case of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills could not cure. They are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease.

In selecting a business or profession for a boy care must be taken not to confound taste with talent.—Chicago Tribune.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a powerful cure. J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. W., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 26.

CATTLE—Common . . . \$2.50 @ 3.40
Heavy steers . . . 4.85 @ 5.00
CALVES—Extra . . . 7.00 @ 7.50
HOGS—Ch. packers . . . 5.20 @ 5.35
Mixed packers . . . 5.00 @ 5.15
SHEEP—Extra . . . 3.35 @ 3.50
LAMB—Extra . . . 5.75 @ 5.85
FLOUR—Spring pat. 6.35 @ 6.60
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.19 @ 1.21
No. 3 winter . . . 1.18 @ 1.20
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 58 1/2 @ 59 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
RYE—No. 2 . . . 86 @ 87
HAY—Ch. timothy . . . 12 @ 12 1/2
PORK—Clear mess . . . 12 @ 12 1/2
LARD—Steam . . . 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4
BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . 14 @ 14 1/2
Choice creamery . . . 23 1/2 @ 24
APPLES—Choice . . . 1.75 @ 2.25
POTATOES—Per bbl . . . 1.65 @ 1.75
TOBACCO—New . . . 5.25 @ 5.50
Old . . . 4.75 @ 4.90

Chicago.

FLOUR—Winter pat. 5.30 @ 5.40
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.16 1/2 @ 1.18 1/2
No. 3 spring . . . 1.05 @ 1.13
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 55 @ 56
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 30 @ 31
RYE—No. 2 . . . 78 @ 78 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 10 87 1/2 @ 11 00
LARD—Steam . . . 8 37 1/2 @ 8 87 1/2

New York.

FLOUR—Win. strts. 5.40 @ 5.65
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.20 1/2 @ 1.22 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 60 1/2 @ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 35 @ 37
PORK—Mess . . . 13 75 @ 17 00
LARD—Steam . . . 7 60 @ 7 70

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.17 @ 1.18
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 55 1/2 @ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2
CATTLE—Steers . . . 3.75 @ 4.25
HOGS—Dressed . . . 6.50 @ 7.00

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.18 @ 1.19
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 57 1/2 @ 58 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 34 1/2 @ 35 1/2
LARD—Steam . . . 7 75 @ 7 85
PORK—Mess . . . 11 00 @ 11 10

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 1.17 1/2 @ 1.19 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 68 @ 70
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 33 @ 35

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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PILES

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MEXICAN Mustang Liniment cures Sprains and Strains.



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstrual periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Painful Periods

are quickly and permanently overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The above letter is only one of hundreds of thousands which prove this statement to be a fact. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality, and if it is painful something is wrong. Don't take narcotics to deaden the pain, but remove the cause—perhaps it is caused by irregularity or womb displacements, or the development of a tumor. Whatever it is, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is guaranteed to cure it.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

Details of Another Case.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and carelessness is the cause of most of the sufferings of women. I believe that if we properly understood the laws of health we would all be well, but if the sick women only knew the truth about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they would be saved much suffering and would soon be cured."

"I used it for five months for a local difficulty which had troubled me for years, and for which I had spent hundreds of dollars in the vain endeavor to rectify. My life forces were being sapped, and I was daily losing my vitality."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me completely, and I am now enjoying the best of health, and most grateful, and only too pleased to endorse such a great remedy."—Miss JENNIE L. EDWARDS, 604 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, last longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$6,203,040.00.

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$2.00 to \$7.00."—Dr. S. M. Miller, Dept. Coll. U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Cattlehide in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Cattlehide is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Ejects used exclusively.

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MKT "KATY" ST. LOUIS, MO.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 1a, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at DEBUE, IOWA, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 1a."

J. P. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

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